

# THE OGLIVIE

Saturday, June 13, 1868.



(Drawn by CHARLES GREEN.)

"The child seemed the mother, the mother the child."—p. 610.

## PARTNERS FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.—THE MERCHANT'S WIFE.

"WILL you be home early to-night?" said Mrs. Barnton to her husband, as he rose from the breakfast-table, at which, substantial

man as he was in every sense, he had just dispatched a substantial meal.

"No. Why?" he answered, abruptly.

"Because I feel so ill to-day," replied the lady,

with a helpless look, which seemed only to have the effect of irritating the gentleman.

"I will send in the doctor if you like." (Here an interjectional "Oh, no, no"). "But I shall be late to-night; in short, it is a matter of business."

At this point, the third person in the room, a slight young girl, with magnificent dark eyes, rose, and flashed out of the room.

Then, with the name of the inexorable deity whom he worshipped upon his lips, the man of business closed behind him the dining-room door, and, half a minute after, the street-door also.

Mrs. Barnton pushed back her chair and went to the window, from which she almost daily sent a forlorn look after her husband; but before she had moved her tall, drooping figure to the point of view, he had already rounded the corner and was out of sight. She sighed as she dropped into a chair. She had done the same nearly every day for years, but to-day the sigh ended in a little gasping cry.

"What is the matter, mamma?" said the same bright dark girl, re-entering, a few minutes later, in a walking dress, and with a roll of music in her hand, seeing a look of pain contracting her mother's face.

"I feel very ill to-day, Maddie," said the mother. "But you will go to your lessons, love?" she added, yet with a question in her voice and look, as if she waited the decision of her child.

She was answered with a caress such as a mother might have given, and she felt soothed by the touch.

"No, darling mamma, I will not leave you," said the girl.

This mother and daughter were tender to each other with a peculiar tenderness. Madeline, from her earliest childhood, had been her mother's stay. With her alone Madeline had never been in a passion; her presence alone would calm the childish bursts of temper which had earned her the diminutive "Maddie," suggested by her name. That calming influence was more like the restraint which the presence of a child puts upon the passions of its elders, than the result of filial reverence and awe. The child seemed the mother, the mother the child. There was yet another bond between them: they alone, in their little world, were of one blood. Their great dark eyes were of another clime, and the hue which bronzed the mother's brow was but a shade less dusky beneath the transparent smoothness of the daughter's.

A secret trouble deepened the tenderness between them. A fatal craving was creeping upon the weak and gentle woman, and she read the knowledge of it in the eyes of all about her, except those of her child. They alone never glanced

at her suspiciously; they never watched her voice and step with mistrust and the pity which is akin to scorn. The girl saw only suffering in the faltering step and nerveless hands, in the vacant eye and wandering speech. Of late a gleam of the truth had dawned upon her; but she still found the cause in her mother's weakness and suffering, and spent all the bitterness of the discovery in secret, passionate tears.

Madeline, after caressing and coaxing her mother, ran up-stairs, took off her bonnet, and prepared to spend the day at home. She carried her books, her drawings, her music, in a great heap into the drawing-room. She liked to look at a heap of work; she liked to task herself with impossible tasks. So she prepared for a busy day, first proceeding to make everything comfortable for "poor mamma." She stirred the fire, and piled the cushions on a couch near it, and then went down to fetch her.

Mrs. Barnton, meantime, had gone to the side-board, and swallowed, standing there, a glassful of brandy. She was seated quietly when her daughter entered and playfully offered her arm to conduct her up-stairs. In a very little time she was asleep among the cushions arranged for her.

She woke at length with an irrepressible cry, and Madeline, who had been as still as a mouse, was at her side in a moment.

"What is it, mamma?" said the startled girl.

"Oh, I have such a pain here," she murmured, pressing her hand to her side. "Bring me some brandy, Lena."

Madeline brought it, and, as she saw her carry it eagerly to her lips, she had a wild impulse to dash the glass down. Scarcely had her mother swallowed the spirit, when every breath became a moan of anguish.

With a new and strange tension of feeling, Madeline hovered all day over the couch from which the sufferer refused to stir. Several times she entreated to be allowed to send for the doctor, but was always answered, helplessly, "Wait till papa comes. I shall be better soon." And so the day wore on.

It was late when Mr. Barnton came home, and by that time the pain had ceased. The acute inflammation had done its worst, and had left the vital tissue dead. He looked gloomily at his wife, chid his daughter for sitting up and looking wretched, and so brought to a close the business of the day.

In the morning Mrs. Barnton did not get up. This was not quite unusual, and her husband did not exhibit much concern.

"You are not to sit moping in the house to-day, Madeline," he said, preparing to make his exit.

"But if mamma should need me?" she objected,

without much hesitation in her mind as to what she would do in that case.

"She does not need you," was the peremptory reply. "I cannot have you losing your time in this way. You have lost too much already; but your mother has not a particle of consideration." So saying, Mr. Barnton quitted his home, avoiding an encounter with his daughter's eyes, not at that moment remarkable for meekness.

As soon as the closing door announced that he was gone, Madeline flew to her mother, and, stooping over her, begged to be allowed to stay and nurse her.

"What did papa say? He did not like it yesterday," was the answer; "but I was so ill, and it did me good to have you with me, darling."

"Never mind, papa; let me stay."

"What did he say?" murmured the mother, with feeble persistence.

Madeline told the truth.

"Then, don't stay, love. I am better, only weak. Good-bye."

Madeline kissed her, and went off at once, followed fondly by the languid eyes, which rested on her lovingly as she turned at the door, waved good-bye again, and was gone.

She long remembered vividly every line and note of that day's lessons, and yet it seemed at the time that she was not thinking of them at all. As the day advanced, a sudden restlessness and eagerness to get home seized upon her. She almost flew through the streets, where the lamps, already lighted, glimmered down on the black slippery pavement.

Mrs. Barnton did not rise. Several times a servant had gone up to ask if she wanted anything; but she only asked to be allowed to sleep. They sent up food, which she left untasted, and among themselves they whispered, with a significant carelessness, "She will sleep it off."

Madeline was told that her mother was asleep, and she moved softly through the house and waited patiently for her waking. She had gone to sit beside her with a shaded lamp, that she might be with her when she awoke; but she had not been there long before the awful breathless calm struck her, and, lifting her lamp, she went and looked upon the face of the sleeper, and knew, child as she was, that hers was the sleep that knows no waking.

#### CHAPTER II.—BALANCING ACCOUNTS.

MR. BARTON stood leaning on the drawing-room mantelpiece, waiting for the announcement of dinner—an unusual thing for him; and waiting with patience—a thing more unusual still. For, in the first place, dinner was generally kept waiting for him; and in the second, he has been known, in the prospect of having to wait for it, to plunge

out of the house and dine, as was surmised, at the nearest hotel. Mr. Barnton held that punctuality was the soul of business, and often gave expression to his conviction in these notable words. He had another phrase, on whose sternly logical basis he stood secure against every argument, and "Business is business" would sometimes fall from his lips; but he was no longer free to use it. His dark-eyed daughter detested it. She flashed at it, and her great eyes showed their opal rings, till her father mentally compared her to a vicious young colt. Never had respectable father so uncomfortable a child.

His attitude of patience is easily explained. On that day business had been suspended. He had had to stand still and look down into the narrow house appointed for all living, to look on at that final winding-up of all earthly concerns in which the balance comes out clear in "dust to dust."

And yet even now, as he stands arrayed in "the trappings and the suits of woe," there is business on his brow, and calculation on his lips. Is he settling accounts with the dead? Is he saying to himself, "She brought me so many thousands. Well, they will be repaid with interest to her daughter. I married as a matter of business, and could not have got on without the money; but she had everything a woman could desire!" He left out one small item—her husband's heart. Conscience, too, would present a little bill for kindness due, calling to mind that day of unpitied pain, and that other day of loneliness and death, on which the account between them closed.

"Well, who could have foreseen the close?" he went on thinking; "and with that frightful habit taking hold of her, perhaps it has not come too soon."

But his calculations took a more practical turn with the appearance of his daughter, her eyes gleaming in big hollows, worn by torrents of weeping that had swept over her like the tornado of her mother's Western isle. She looked at him, and a quivering, like the play of lightning, passed over her face. The desolate girl would have given her heart then and there for a word of love, and the man was not so hard that he could not have spoken it; but reading her look by the light of recent reflections, he took it for reproach, and held his tongue. The moment passed, the young face grew rigid, and the door of out-going affection was closed.

Madeline, it must be confessed, had not been a dutiful daughter, as far as her father was concerned. It is difficult for the child of an imperfect union to be wholly dutiful; and the practical conclusion at which her father arrived before the end of that day's dinner was, that she must be sent to school.

## CHAPTER III.—FINISHING.

It must be a hard task, one would imagine, to finish what has never been begun, but such was the task undertaken by Miss Busk in her Establishment for Young Ladies. She undertook to finish their education. Most of the middle-class young ladies who were placed in her hands had never received anything worthy of the name. They had had governesses—nursery governesses, and day governesses—with all the accomplishments and all the incompetency of that ill-paid class of the community; they had learnt to read in a scrambling fashion, and to write what looked very neat and even at a distance, but did not always admit of close inspection as to spelling. A little execrable French, and more execrable music, generally completed their attainments at fourteen or fifteen, the finishing age. Real systematic education had not, in most cases, even been begun. Madeline was older by a year than the latest of these ages, and had fared far better than most of her compeers. Her father had had the sense to see that his daughter's education was suffering, and would suffer, in her mother's hands, and he had dismissed the last of the incompetents, and sent her to attend the classes of an excellent day-school. He would have sent her away long before, but for a lingering feeling for his wife, who would have been utterly desolate without her.

Miss Busk occupied a pair of semi-detached villas, thrown into one, in a pleasant suburb of London. She took only ten young ladies, and very conscientiously did her best to supply the deficiencies of their former training. It was to this lady, strongly recommended by the head of the day-school, that Mr. Barnton resolved to commit his somewhat refractory daughter.

Mr. Barnton lost no time in carrying out his resolution; and Madeline, in the freshness of her first sorrow, was called upon to make preparation for her immediate removal from home. A good deal to her father's astonishment, she made not the slightest opposition to his wishes. It seemed to him that her mother's death had wrought upon her a softening change. But in reality, the change which was in process was a hardening one. The circumstances connected with the loss of her mother had, in the shock of her sudden death, made a sore and deep impression on the sensitive mind of the girl. All that was morbid in the impression, would doubtless have worn away amid the influence of a kindly home, or among sympathising friends; but the morbid strain might easily deepen until it eat into her very heart. Girl as she was, she had begun to look back, and think that her mother's life was yet sadder than her death; that as the child of a mother so little loved, it was better for her to go

away, no matter where, from the same loveless life awaiting her.

Business in London carried Mr. Barnton thither in little more than a fortnight after his wife's death. At the same time he escorted to school the—at present—passive Madeline. For the remainder of the day on which they arrived, he took her to his hotel, where she spent the greater part of the evening alone, and in the morning he drove her without delay to her destination, making the poor child's heart ache in silence, with the bitter thought that he wanted to be rid of her as soon as possible. It is needless to say that the man of business had not the slightest idea that he was inflicting any suffering whatever.

It was a stout, active, motherly-looking lady to whom Madeline was presented by her father, with an apology for hastening the time fixed for her reception. Very kindly Miss Busk received her from his hands; and she was presently sent away with a young German girl, half governess, half lady's-maid, leaving her father to confer in private with the head of the establishment, while Madeline, on her return, was allowed a private leave-taking, which only embarrassed both father and daughter.

The next step was to test Madeline's acquirements, and Miss Busk found that she would be an acquisition to the school; and as such, introduced her to her future companions. But Madeline in her mourning dress looked quite plain; and in her suffering not quite pleasant, and did not make at all a favourable impression.

The young lady whose departure would make room for Miss Barnton, had not yet gone; and a special arrangement for the domestication of the latter had to be made for the two or three days during which the former was still to remain in the house. At length the energetic head of the establishment had settled it to her entire satisfaction; and the time drew near when the pupils were allowed to retire to their rooms. Madeline had been appointed to share the apartment of a flaxen-headed, blue-eyed little beauty, who was the pet of the school—the reigning belle, in fact. During the evening, Miss Busk kindly endeavoured to make them specially at home with each other; but the little beauty shrank from the acquaintanceship in a rather noticeable manner. After lessons, a great deal of private conversation had been going on, and at length a request reached Miss Busk, through one of the elder girls, that Fanny might be allowed to give up her room entirely to Miss Barnton, and share that of another schoolfellow.

"I must speak to Fanny," said Miss Busk, annoyed at the request, and thinking it a plot to get possession of the favourite. Going up to the child, she said, rather sharply, "Fanny, I desire you to share your room with Miss Barnton. I



have had another bed put up in it for the purpose, and it cannot now be changed."

The little beauty put on a look which was by no means favourable to her pretensions, and exclaimed, pettishly, "But I do not like to sleep with her: she is black."

The pretty fool would have looked long enough

on the clear, dark face, which could show rose-tints deeper and more delicate than her own, before she had made such a discovery; but she credited the cruel whispers that had passed among her thoughtless companions concerning her darker blood.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## RELIGION IN THE HOME.

BY THE REV. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.

### HOME GOVERNMENT.

**S**O important did St. Paul esteem home government, that in describing the personal qualifications requisite for a bishop, he makes no special mention of his talent, learning, or eloquence, but looks to his successful discharge of home duties, and requires (1 Tim. iii. 4) that he shall be "one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity." Nothing is more attractively beautiful, or rich in diffusive good, than family government well and wisely administered. To see their children as they grow up, devout, dutiful, and blameless, beset as they must be by allurements to evil, yet inexorably faithful to the supreme demands of duty, neither deterred by threats nor seduced by smiles, but going straightforward in the pathway—rugged it may be—of conscientious obedience, is inexpressibly gratifying to parents' hearts, and welcomed as an ample remuneration for years of anxiety and labour. And yet such a household is hardly conscious of control. Successful home government is something so refined and sensitive, so gentle and imperceptible in its action, that it is recognised mainly in its happy results,—in the formation of wholesome habits,—in the benefits of successful discipline,—in uprooting selfishness, and making each the minister and guardian of others' good. Parents who so rule their houses need no marble monument to record their greatness. Children so wisely disciplined for the duties and conflict of life are their living epistles, read and studied by admiring observers, and their children's children will reckon it their high and hereditary distinction to perpetuate the name and inherit the virtues of such forefathers,—

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,  
The son of parents passed into the skies."

Important as the duties of home government are at all times, it is easy to discover their daily increasing value now. The signs of social transformation are everywhere prominent. Power is irresistibly passing over from institutions to indi-

viduals. No sooner have children laid aside their school lessons, than they begin to take their part on the world's stage, and intermingle with its responsibilities and perils. Knowing, then, that in a few years the members of our families, far removed from our control, will be acting out their principles, and bringing personal influence to bear upon the great questions—social, political, and religious—now gathering deeper solemnity year by year, it becomes a matter of the gravest importance, to "put our houses in order," so as to make "home," as it ought to be, the place of wise and effective discipline, as well as the centre of attractive enjoyments and abiding love.

There can be no sound home government unless parents are possessed with right convictions of their own responsibility. If children are to be trained aright, to whom but their parents is this grave obligation committed? No other persons in the world possess power so supremely commanding as parents over their offspring. Flexible, gentle, confiding, ready to receive impressions, to adopt ideas, or to be moulded into habits, they are plastic as clay in the potter's hand. Nor is this power assumed, but given by the Great Ruler of all to secure the highest and best results. Family government is part of God's government of the world. He gives "power and authority" to parents for the administration of their houses. A well-governed family is a miniature of his universal government. The same dangers, laws, and blessings belong to both. Parents are the representatives of God in their houses, and in obeying them, children obey the Lord. Their administration is narrowed down to the limits of their own family; but within that circle their authority is unlimited. Higher than them, in their lawful administration, there is none; no one can legitimately control them, nor is there any appeal, except to the supreme tribunal, from their decision. They stand next to God, from whom they immediately hold their power, and to whom they must one day render their account. Oh! that all persons, on finding themselves invested with parental relationships, would meditate on their responsibilities! Children are "a heritage

and gift," neither to be trifled with as mere amusements, nor received as unwelcome encumbrances; but "gifts which God has graciously given"—children of sorrow, yet heirs of glory; companions for this life, and more than companions in the next—to act no unimportant part among passing events and duties, but to find their unchangeable destination among the realities yet to be revealed. Oh, that parents would remember that they are endowed with a Divinely-delegated power to rule their houses well, that their children, happy, prosperous, and prepared for both worlds, may "so pass through things temporal as not to lose the things which are eternal!"

The power of parents in home government is never dormant, but acting incessantly, either for good or evil. It forms the atmosphere in which the children live, and move, and have their being. Nature has made them susceptible of the influence of their parents in the highest degree. Even their presence acts upon them as none others' can. Virtue emanates from them for good or evil in indelible results. Their example operates with irresistible effect. Their opinions and sentiments, their common talk to which children listen eagerly as they sit at table,—the notions and feelings brought into play by the events of everyday life,—the friends or visitors that may join the family circle, their opinions, sentiments, and influences,—and all the multifarious agencies, even the most familiar and unassuming, that actively centre on home life—all are stealthily deposited into children's minds, and help to lay the foundation of what they are to be. Just as coral insects in the Southern Ocean build up the strong battlements of islands and continents, the same kind of construction, only still more enduring, is silently going on in families. Parents are every day setting the life-lessons which their children learn with eager voracity, and which they will assuredly act out for themselves when the great struggle of life and its stern realities come on. Parents are doing this by the silent influence of character. The soil is all prepared. Favoured by the sunshine and rain, theirs is the spring-time for planting seeds, which will spring up and reproduce themselves in a harvest of welfare or misery when the sowers' work is done, and they have passed into another world.

But the influences of home life act upon the parents themselves as much as upon the children. It is an egregious error to think that all the care, trouble, and expense bestowed on their children are so much capital sunk for many years, and will yield no profitable return till they are old enough to take their part in the remunerative labours of life. The fact is that the parent is as much better for the child as

the child is for the parent. In the compensating arrangements of life, children, unconsciously in most cases, give back to their parents as much good as they take. Efforts to do good react upon the doer. They "are twice blessed; they bless him that gives and him that takes." Every loving effort, or sacrifice, or plan for their children's good, is recompensed in some way by an abundant and immediate remuneration. In this productive labour the reaper overtakes the sower. There is no wearisome waiting. The soil which receives this precious seed yields an instantaneous return in parental satisfaction and bright hope. The duty of providing for their family has often constrained them to adopt such habits as proved the source of untold blessing to the parents themselves. The endeavour to govern their household well has proved such an invaluable self-government for them, that many parents gladly acknowledge they owe everything to their children. The virtues which encircle their name with honour, and the competency which makes life easy, are due to the self-denial, diligence, and forethought which the responsibilities of home life compelled them to exercise. No motive operates more powerfully to make men kind, provident, sober, and devout, than the desire to secure by every means the abiding comfort and well-being of their children; so that it sounds strange, but is literally true, in instances beyond number, that the children have been the making of their parents. And perhaps their safeguard and restorers too. For if all other remonstrances fail to rescue an ill-doing father from his perilous ways, to tell him the effect which his vicious folly must have upon his children, will sometimes arrest and bring him to sorrow and amendment. "You seem," I would say to such a one, "to have thrown down every barrier of self-respect, to have already sacrificed everything that ought to be valued by you as a man and a husband; you have blasted your prospects, ruined your comforts, done your utmost to quench your wife's love, and well nigh broken her heart. Still, there are yet your children. Do you not see that you are dragging them down to poverty and shame, and even perhaps to crime? And are you, who ought to defend them from the least stain of evil, willing to poison the fountain-head of their life, turn the whole stream into bitterness, and consign your own offspring to waste their years among pollutions fouler and more wretched than your own? Can you bear the thought of forfeiting their love for ever, and putting such a separation between your children and yourself, that they can never think of you but with shame, and never hear your name mentioned without a blush?"

Children's preparation for life is accomplished mainly at home. I neither forget nor underrate

the influence of schools, nor would I overrate it. But it is in vain to expect that a few hours spent daily in the routine of school lessons will effectually counteract the evils that thickly assail them outside the school walls. Good and wholesome discipline, so far as it consists in training the will, subduing the temper, and forming habits of order, punctuality, and industry, is one great object in all well-managed schools; but it is when the strain is taken off, and the child's energies are left free and unfettered, as at home, that character takes its permanent shape. Whenever the two shall be combined, when the self-control and wholesome instructions of school are encouraged by the parents, and brought into active operation among the claims and duties of home life, then may we hope to see growing up around us a community rich in the possession of every-day virtues, and, beyond that, ennobled with the hopes of a higher inheritance in another world.

It cannot be urged too forcibly that sound home government will not flourish to maturity where there is no religion. Family government, unlike that of a country, is not based upon legal enactments, to be enforced by the fear of penal results. Wise home government appeals not to fear, but to the affections and the conscience. It is a sad hour for any house when love and the sense of filial duty fail to uphold its authority. Even the whisper of resorting to any more stringent measures grates upon the delicate sensitiveness of home life, and disturbs its harmony. Some families are ruled with ease. They all seem to govern themselves. They "perceive and know what things they ought to do, and have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same." But these are the exceptions.

Children are not exempt from the hereditary taint of sinful nature. Till the tree is made good, the fruit will not be good. The evil treasure of the heart will bring forth evil things. Slight and venial faults, which spring rather from the inexperience and thoughtless impetuosity of youth than any intentional wrong-doing, may be wisely passed over. Such failings, it may be expected, will cure themselves. Other faults may assume a graver type, and reveal tendencies which must be met with decisive treatment. When parents see their children listening to temptation, or struggling feebly against it, and already beginning to yield, their position thus becoming every day more critical and perilous, and needing consummate tact and tenderness, lest the mischief should be aggravated by unwise interposition—at such times the reality and wisdom of their personal religion is brought to the test. A great pressure is then put upon the parents' faith in God; but the pressure upon filial obedience is still greater. The peril to

both is extreme. The evils which visit the young grow bolder and more aggressive, while yet their sense of duty and the whispers of conscience become feebler and more obscure. Other restraints, too, they feel, are giving way one by one, leaving them "naked and defenceless to their enemies." When things come to this, an anxious Christian parent knows that he has then but one resort—appeal to God as his God in this hour of peril, and unless he can summon his family before the throne of God, and spread before him in united faith their sins and woes, sorrows and fears, in penitent confession and heartfelt prayer, supplicating Divine forgiveness and "grace to help"—unless he can do this, there is a wound and an injury inflicted already upon the peace and happiness of that home, which may never cease to fester in cold looks, and waning sympathies, and ever-widening alienation. And who can tell what the end of these things shall be? But we must take care how we introduce the solemnities of religion to allay the elements of domestic strife. The history of Eli may warn us of the danger of bringing the ark upon the field of conflict. Nothing invests home government with such deeply-felt power as the consciousness of the personal religion of parents. But it must be sterling and true. Any suspicion of alloy or insincerity in their religious profession, makes such efforts worse than powerless. Children are keen observers, and the consciousness of their own failings makes them blind and severe in their judgment upon parental government. If, then, parents set up a religious standard which is hardly consistent with the habits of their own defective life, the household feels that they come to them armed with an unusual weapon which they have not the skill to use, and smile inwardly at their feeble and inconsistent zeal. Religion, as an element of power in home government, must be above suspicion, genuine, and sincere. Many a man that never heeded religious duties for his own sake, feels bitterly his naked deficiency when he sets himself to rebuke the grave and growing evils of his household. He tries to work upon the lower motives which worldly men have readily at hand, but they fail; he knows there is one sword, and only one, that, if brandished by a Hand mightier than his, would conquer and subdue; but it is the Sword of the Spirit, and that sword he never learnt to handle. And now he wants it, but can do nothing. To his intense regret, he sees his children led as helpless captives by sin, from which he might have delivered them, if he had been a good soldier of Jesus Christ himself, and had known what it was to overcome his enemies by the blood of the Lamb.

Family worship, if rightly conducted, is an agency of immense power in home government.

Parents who from shame, or fear, or personal indecision, or prejudice created by the admitted or disguised inconsistencies of others, or any of the numberless objections to domestic worship, have no idea to what extent their home government is enfeebled from their neglect of this agency. If they mean to govern their children and their household well, let them meet together day by day—if twice a day, so much the better—for the duties of Scripture reading and united prayer. Shun everything tedious, formal, unreal. Let the service be full of life, solemn, not too long, pithy, pointed, natural, easy to be understood, suited to their every-day wants, seeking help for daily duty, and strength to shun daily temptation. Let the priestly father who leads their devotions feel that in his sacred functions he is the representative of the house to God, presenting their cases, and mediating for Divine mercy, while each member of the household feels, too, that he has a personal interest in that holy solemnity,—and who can

calculate the results which such duties, devoutly fulfilled, must produce on family government? Then you touch the mainspring that regulates the movements of home life. You gain united access to the altar of the Divine Presence, and invoke His gracious power to order each unruly will, and subdue each sinful affection. It is no longer you that guide the house. You then solemnly place the reins in the hands of the Divine Ruler of all things, and beseech Him, with your household kneeling around you, to guide you with his counsel, deliver you from all evil, and bring you in safety to your heavenly home.

All this is not easy. This sketch of home government may create the impression of sins, errors, negligences. Be it so. The sense of want must ever precede the earnest striving for better things. Remember the promise, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

## THE EXPLORATION OF PALESTINE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.

### CHAPTER IV.

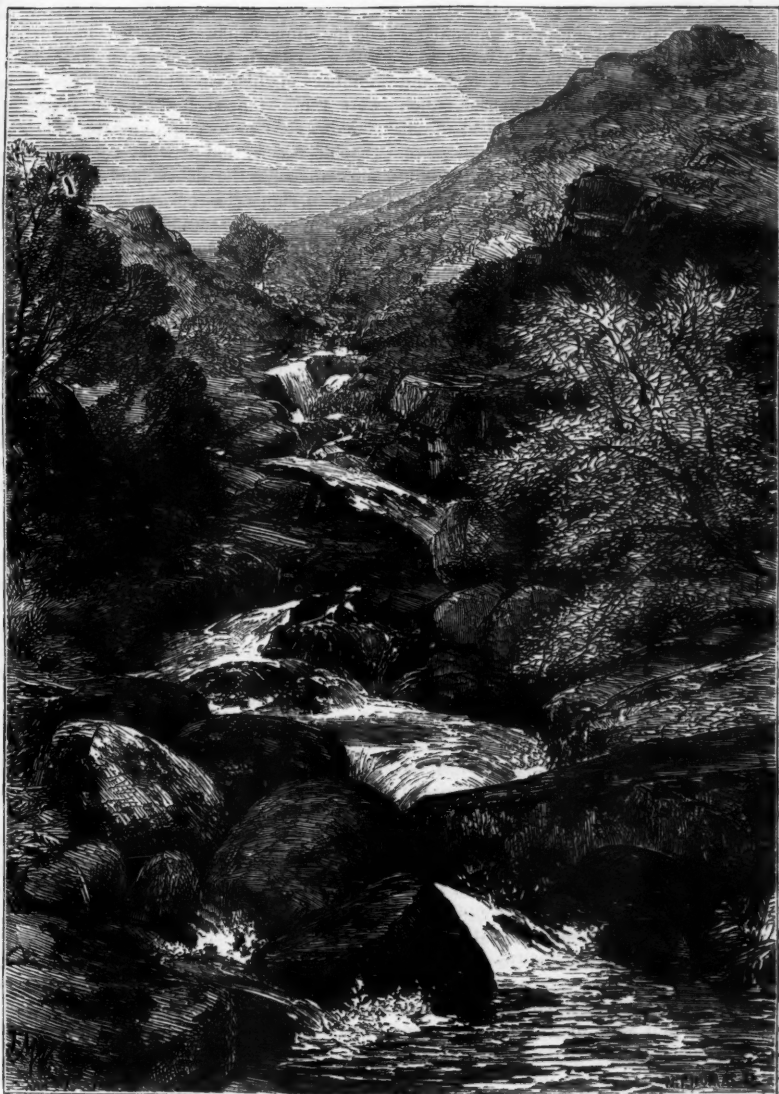
**I**MMEDIATELY after his arrival at Jerusalem, in the beginning of September, 1867, Lieutenant Warren laid bare the south wall of the Haram, near its eastern extremity, in two places—at the south-east angle (marked *z* in the Plan, given at page 584), to the depth of 20 feet beneath the present surface; and more to the west (about midway between *z* and *r*, but somewhat nearer to *z*, in the Plan), to the depth of 16 feet. This work was suddenly stopped by the Pacha. Subsequently, however, Lieutenant Warren obtained greater powers; and his own admirable tact in using those powers enabled him to pursue his work without any serious interruption.

As any excavation, commenced at the surface of the ground near the Haram wall, was thus prevented, like a true engineer, Lieutenant Warren, being determined to ascertain what the foundations of that wall were like, sunk a shaft at some distance from the wall itself to the south of it, and then excavated a gallery from the bottom of his shaft northwards in the direction of the wall. He opened his shaft 40 feet to the south of the south-east angle (*z* in Plan), and sunk it to the depth of 53 feet. Here, beneath the present surface, he came upon a massive wall that was found to abut upon the Haram wall at *z*, and to run from it towards the south; also at the short distance of only 15 feet he found a second buried wall, 4 feet thick, built into the other wall, and

running from it at right angles towards the west and parallel to the Haram wall. Great difficulties were experienced in mining through these walls, the stones being very large and very hard. The stones of the buried lower courses of the Haram wall were discovered here to be either 4 feet or 4 feet 6 inches in height; and all, except the lowest course resting on the rock (which was found to have been partially levelled to receive it) and the next course above it, were dressed after the manner of the Jewish masons (to be described and illustrated hereafter) with the evident intention of being visible, and, therefore, originally they were placed above the ground. The buried wall was traced for 300 feet to the south from the Haram wall, and a tower was there found, from which the wall took a south-westerly direction. These discoveries will be found to have been carried out more completely when the exploration was resumed later in the year.

There remains to be noticed a series of shafts that were sunk before July last in the Tyropœon valley, nearly in a line westwards with the wall *z r*, but a little to the north of such a line, and where the line of dots appears in the Plan near the letter *r*. At this point the valley measures from its western crest to the Haram wall about 310 feet. Here, commencing westwards, at 285 feet from the Haram wall, the first of five shafts was sunk through a common garden soil, until, at 21 feet 6 inches, a slab of polished limestone was





(Drawn by E. M. WIMPERIS.)

"Gaily down the mountain-side,  
In unceasing motion,  
Mark the sparkling torrent glide  
To the mighty ocean."—p. 620.

found covering a passage (now used as a sewer) cut in the rock, through which a current of water was observed to be flowing.

The second shaft, sunk 250 feet from the Haram wall, came upon a pier of masonry measuring 3 feet by 4 feet, in which was the entrance to a circular cistern lined with cement 2 feet thick, and having its roof slightly domed. Galleries, which were driven north and west from this shaft, at 12 feet 6 inches each way, came upon similar piers, with fallen arches between them. The whole appeared to have formed a kind of colonnade or bazaar, running east and west. It had been built of a sandstone, well-dressed, and having a flooring (much disturbed) of finely-dressed limestone laid in squares. This relic of a Jerusalem beneath that city which now stands in the open air and upon the present surface of the ground, was found to be closed towards the north. The rock here is 18 feet below the surface.

At 216 feet from the Haram wall, the third shaft at 12 feet in depth came upon a small arch in a line with the north wall discovered by shaft No. 2; and at 18 feet deep another polished limestone pavement was reached. Below this pavement, débris of cut stones; and resting on the rock, here 32 feet below the surface, a wall of squared and dressed stones was found running north and south.

Still advancing eastwards, at 182 feet from the Haram wall, a fourth shaft at the depth of 12 feet came upon the remains of building stones and a part of a white marble column 1 foot in diameter. These ruins appeared to form a part of the colonnade first discovered by shaft No. 2. At the depth of 22 feet a row of stones was laid bare, and also the mouth of a cistern excavated in the rock. Amongst the rubbish in this cistern, which is square and with a flat roof, was a piece of marble pavement. The sides of the cistern itself are lined with cement, two feet thick. Two man-holes open into it, but there is no entrance for water; and, accordingly, it may be considered to have been an ancient receptacle for grain.

The fifth of these shafts, at the distance of 82 feet from the Haram wall, had just been commenced, when Lieutenant Warren suspended his works in the city until after the summer heat should have subsided. At 2 feet beneath the surface a small arch and some vaulted passages, apparently for water, were discovered; and it was observed that all the stones that were disclosed by these shafts in the line of the colonnade had been cut in the same style. Lieutenant Warren, in his Reports, takes leave of this shaft No. 5, with the remark that he expects from it, when in a more advanced condition, results that probably may prove competent to explain the

true character of that portion of the Tyropoeon valley which adjoins the line of the western wall (from *r* to *e* in the Plan) of the Haram; and when we rejoin him again, and follow with him his autumn explorations, we have the gratification to learn that, after he had added to the number of his earlier shafts, his expectations were realised even beyond his hopes. It now remains for me to communicate Lieut. Warren's graphic description of what an exploration shaft, sunk through the débris and rubbish and earth down to the solid rock at Jerusalem, really is; together with an account of the processes employed by this famous explorer in shaft-sinking, and of the appliances and means that have been at his disposal.

It was not, however, from his shaft No. 5 that Lieutenant Warren ultimately obtained that remarkable reward for his zealous perseverance which was in store for him. This shaft, indeed, after it had been sunk to the depth of 24 feet 6 inches, was abandoned, in consequence of its having become dangerous, and at the distance of 10 feet to the N.W. of it a fresh shaft was commenced. Here, at the depth of 14 feet, a floor was found, and a passage with small communications leading north, west, and south, "the last being a recess like a baker's oven." Also, at 9 feet below the surface, here was discovered the entrance to a shaft which led, through its arched roof, to a chamber full of stones and rubbish. The floor of this chamber was found to be 36 feet 6 inches below the present surface, and after the plaster flooring had been broken through, at 40 feet 6 inches below the surface, the rock appeared; the chamber itself measured 18 feet by 11 feet 6 inches, and in all probability it was used as a tank. From this chamber a gallery sloping downwards was driven towards the Haram wall. While this work was in progress, a sixth shaft was sunk in the same line with the others, but between shafts Nos. 4 and 5, and 162 feet from the Haram wall. This shaft No. 6 was carried through an old plastered chamber; then it passed, at the depth of 21 feet 3 inches, a strong wall of hammer-dressed stones running north and south; and, still lower down, at the depth of 26 feet 10 inches, it reached the remains of a more massive wall, upwards of 14 feet thick, running east and west. Three courses of stones only were found, and the lowermost of them rested on the rock at the depth of 30 feet. The rock here had been scarped away for 4 feet, and then it had been cut down in steps, the lowest point being 37 feet 6 inches below the surface. Though certainly very ancient, the masonry of this wall is not in keeping with that of the Haram wall. Abutting on this wall is another, running north and south, and supported by a buttress.

At the distance of 54 feet from the remains of "Robinson's Arch" in the Haram wall, and at the depth of about 55 feet, the gallery from the new No. 5 shaft was found to have accidentally been carried along an ancient artificial cutting in the solid rock until it was stopped by a mass of masonry, constructed of fine bevelled stones of great size, and evidently still remaining in their original position. This masonry, of which three courses remain, proved to be the lowermost portion of the original western pier of "Robinson's Arch"—the very relic for which Lieutenant Warren was in search, this arch having its eastern springing, as will be remembered, issuing from the solid masonry of the Haram wall itself. The remains of the pier Lieutenant Warren describes to be formed of "splendid stones" of a peculiarly hard texture, of great magnitude, and in perfect preservation; the lowest course, resting on the rock, is 3 feet 6 inches high, and the next 3 feet 9 inches—the height of the large stones still visible, above the present surface of the ground, in the Haram wall. The pier was rather more than 12 feet in thickness east and west; and it was constructed, not as a solid mass, but so built with the great stones that I have mentioned that it had a hollow space in the inside, with openings leading to this space through the exterior masonry; and thus the whole pier may be said to have been made up of smaller ones. This singular style of pier construction Lieutenant Warren considers to be characteristic of some particular epoch, probably before the arch was in general use; and yet it certainly differs altogether from the massive styles of Egypt and Assyria.

East of these remarkable and most interesting remains of this arch-pier, and on a level with the rock-surface, a pavement of stone was found to extend towards the Haram wall; and here, on this pavement, upwards of 50 feet beneath the present surface, when they had cleared away a cavern-like space sufficiently large for them to examine the ancient relics that were lying before them, the explorers discovered, ranged in two lines north and south, and "huddled together just as they fell, the actual *voussoirs*," or wedge-shaped arch-stones, "of which, when in its complete condition, the great viaduct of 'Robinson's Arch' had been constructed." That viaduct had led from the Jerusalem on the western portion of the rock-plateau that formed the site of the city, over the Tyropæon valley, to the Temple on Zion—the eastern portion. It was the approach from the city to the Temple; and they, in ancient times, who went to the Temple from the city, passed over this very causeway. The great arch, its span 41

feet 6 inches, and its width upwards of 50 feet, which supported this causeway, was broken down by command of Titus, when at length the whole of Jerusalem had fallen into his power; and the arch-stones, hard, and their forms still as clearly defined as when they fell, and each one weighing at least 20 tons, may now be seen in the excavated cavern at the bottom of Lieutenant Warren's shaft, preserved in safety while hidden from sight through eighteen centuries by the gradually accumulating covering of ruins and earth, that at length rose 50 feet above them. I know of no relic of ancient times that is more interesting than this broken archway. The apostles must very often have passed over it, while yet the arch remained entire; and so, also, must their Master and ours often have passed over it with them. Once before, another Roman, Pompey, had caused the viaduct at this same spot to be beaten down. Herod the Great had reconstructed the archway, as it was during the time the Redeemer frequented the Temple—as it was, also, when Titus, unconsciously fulfilling the Redeemer's prediction, commanded its final demolition. Titus himself had stood on this same archway when he made his last appeal to the frantic Jews: the Temple had already fallen, and Zion was in the hands of their Roman enemies, and they themselves had fallen back on their last possible refuge—then, however, no longer tenable—on the western hill; and Titus held a parley with the Jews, and summoned them to surrender. Their obstinate refusal was swiftly followed by the final catastrophe; and, in the midst of the surrounding ruin and destruction, the Roman engineers demolished the famous archway. A stone or two remained clinging to the grand enclosure-wall, from out of which they marked the springing of the arch; the rest of the arch fell with a crash upon the massive pavement below. A traveller from a hemisphere then unknown, after eighteen centuries had nearly passed away, discovered the springers of the arch, just visible above the enormous heap of accumulated soil that had almost filled the valley and obliterated its presence, and so the arch itself came to be called by his name, "Robinson's Arch;" and, a little later still, an English lieutenant and sergeant discover the fallen arch-stones, and they clear away the earth and ruins that cover them sufficiently to admit of a comparatively free access to these wonderful stones, and they light up this strange cavern with *magnesium light*, and so they both pursue their own researches and receive the visits of anxious and curious strangers.

(To be continued.)

## THE WATERFALL.

**D**AILY down the mountain-side,  
In unceasing motion,  
Watch the sparkling torrent glide  
To the mighty ocean.

Gently now, now far and near,  
Silv'ry laughter flinging;  
Hark! what fairy feet I hear,  
Down the rough rock springing.

Bounding, fetterless, and free,  
Obstacles unheeding,  
Onward to its home, the sea,  
Mark the torrent speeding.

Stones that fain its course would stay,  
Bathing with its blessing;  
Drooping flow'rets by the way  
Cheering and caressing.

Pure and free from earthly blot,  
On it speeds in brightness;  
Cleansing earth, yet mingling not—  
Perfect in its whiteness.

Panting for a wider bed,  
Pausing, resting never,  
Till old Ocean's arms outspread,  
Welcome it for ever!

Down life's rugged mountain-side,  
In unceasing motion,  
Streams of human kindness glide,  
On to Love's great ocean.

Gently now, now far and near,  
Tones of comfort flinging;  
Hark! what willing feet I hear,  
Joy to mourners bringing.

Bounding, fetterless, and free,  
Obstacles unheeding,  
Onward to Love's endless sea,  
Mark the torrent speeding.

Foes that fain its course would stay,  
Bathing with its blessing;  
Drooping spirits by the way  
Cheering and caressing.

Pure and free from earthly blot,  
On it speeds in brightness;  
Cleansing earth, yet mingling not—  
Perfect in its whiteness.

Panting for a wider bed,  
Pausing, resting never,  
Till Love's mighty arms outspread  
Welcome it for ever!

## A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## BROOKLYN HALL.

**M**RS. BROOKLYN was busy at work on a sumptuous piece of embroidery. The materials with which she was embroidering were wools of brilliant colours, and which lay in a basket on the table.

The only other occupant of the room was Sir Hugh Macbriar, who was sitting in the bay-window, reading the *Times*.

Sir Hugh was silent and reflective by nature, and never had much to say. The widow's loquacity had been held in check the last half-hour, since the time Sir Hugh had received the paper, and had been, as she said, "gloating over it." But her self-restraint could not last much longer.

"Is not that a sweet rose, Sir Hugh?" said she, laying the gorgeous piece of colouring, with which she was busy, on her knee, and endeavouring to draw his attention to the part she had just completed. "So like nature!"

"It is very pretty, I am sure," said Sir Hugh, scrutinising it through his glass; his heart, all the time, secretly going after the leading article.

"I was sure you would say so, you are such

a capital judge. And now, I want your advice, which of these greens would you ground with? So much depends on the grounding, you know. *This, or that?*" And she held a number of skeins of wool before him.

Sir Hugh was a member of Parliament and a politician, but he looked puzzled.

"I think, perhaps, I should choose this," said he, hazarding the opinion, and touching the skein as if he was afraid it would burn him.

"And so I think. Your opinion exactly accords with mine. Isn't it curious?"

An idea dawned into Sir Hugh's mind, that he ought to make some little smart speech implying a compliment; but his natural slowness and pompousness prevented him from getting it out before the entrance of the footman, with a card laid on a silver waiter. It was too late then. Sir Hugh, having just opened his lips, shut them again. Mrs. Brooklyn took up the card.

"Why, it is Mr. Sylvester; how glad I am! Show him in at once," added she to the footman.

The footman sped swiftly away on his errand. Sir Hugh looked uneasy, and wished he had made his speech sooner.



"He is such a favourite of mine!" continued the widow, with fervour. "And his sister is such a darling! I dote on her—positively dote!"

Sir Hugh had no time to answer. In walked Raymond Sylvester. He was a trifle pale, and there was a look of trouble in his eyes, that he had not been able to get rid of. But how handsome he was! In respect of personal attractions and address, how incomparably Sir Hugh's superior!

"I am so glad to see you!" said the widow, rising, and letting a host of reds, and whites, and blues, and yellows drop on the floor. "I began to think you had forsaken Brooklyn," and her jewelled hand was offered cordially to Raymond.

Raymond, all courtesy and smiles, made the neatest, trimmest little speech that it was in the power of man to improvise. The widow laughed, and blushed. Sir Hugh, who was on the floor, picking up the wools, looked as grim as an ogre.

"I am sorry to give you that trouble, Sir Hugh," said Mrs. Brooklyn, with a beaming smile. "Thank you; there is one more, just under the piano. Ah, yes, let Mr. Sylvester reach it. He is young and active, you know; it won't hurt him to stoop and to scramble."

Sir Hugh's face, which had been red with the unwonted exertions he had made, turned pale, and almost livid. He darted a look at Raymond.

Raymond returned it by a courteous bow. Nothing could exceed his politeness to Sir Hugh.

In spite of this, however, Sir Hugh had but a sorry time of it. Raymond could talk far better than he could, and the conversation was kept up briskly, without allowing space for any observations he might have wished to make. In fact, he might have read his paper unmolested in the bay-window, had he chosen. But circumstances alter cases. Sir Hugh did not choose. All he could do was to sit stiff and sullen, while Mrs. Brooklyn and Mr. Sylvester were enjoying themselves. Things came, at length, to a climax.

"I shall not let you go," said Mrs. Brooklyn, as Raymond gave signs of departure, "without taking a bouquet for that darling Alice. How naughty of her not to come!"

Another bright little speech. Sir Hugh thought he must have learned them from a book. He could not have made such a speech, if it had been to save his life!

Again, the widow blushed and smiled. Then, with her most benignant air, she said—

"You have never seen my conservatory, Mr. Sylvester. Come, we will get the bouquet ourselves. Sir Hugh wants to be rid of us, that he may read his paper."

*We! Ourselves!* Sir Hugh was absolutely speechless.

Raymond, perfect master of the occasion, led the comely mistress of Brooklyn from the room. The conservatory was not far off—it opened, in all its tropical beauty, from the drawing-room—and thither the two directed their steps.

Mrs. Brooklyn chattered incessantly.

"Don't you think I have improved the old place?"

said she. "I can't tell you what it will cost me. Something positively enormous; but I like to do things on a grand scale. See, we must have that rose to begin with. Thank you, I have my scissors. Is not this heliotrope sweet? As many geraniums as you like. I dote on colour; colour is everything, poor papa used to say, in this climate, where we live in a perpetual grey. Very warm, isn't it? But I love warmth. India would be the place for me, with all those delightful humming-birds, and things. See, there is a nosegay for you!"

She had gone from flower to flower, and he had stood and watched her. She wore a dress of black *moiré-antique*, with heavy velvet trimmings. Her dark hair, very abundant, but not fine, or glossy, was enclosed in a crimson net with threads of gold. The rings on her fingers sparkled and shone as she moved about, cutting first one flower and then another. When she had finished, she offered the bouquet to him.

"With my love to the dear girl!" meaning Alice.

One double geranium of great beauty she kept back. He could not but take the hint. He knew she meant that he should ask for it, for his own. By this time, the part he was acting had grown intolerable. The sharp agony he had been suffering had been somewhat dulled by the change of scene and place, and the excitement of his position. But as he stood before the voluminous mistress of Brooklyn, enduring her smiles and courtesies, the bitter pang came back again. He asked for the flower; he bore up tolerably well, while she gave it to him, with new smiles and fresh condescensions. But he could do no more. He took a hasty leave, and hurried to his carriage. Safe there, where no eye could see, the man crouched down, and writhed with the tortures he was suffering. And then he rose, his face pale and almost fierce in its expression, and tearing the scarlet flower from its place, as though its presence were a blight and a curse, he flung it far away. Would he could have flung the burden from his heart as well!

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### ALICE PAYS CHARLEY A VISIT.

"Of course I am the person most to be pitied," said Charley. "I am always ill; and Harold never has anything the matter with him."

"But your brother must feel the change," said Alice, half reproachfully.

"Oh, he feels it, but nothing to what I do. Besides, it was, after all, his own fault. He should have thought of me, and not of those nasty creditors."

A slight colour rose to Alice's cheek at the ill-omened word.

"He ought not to have done as he did. All our friends said so, and they were very angry with him."

"I wish you would tell me about it, Charley," said Alice, in rather a tremulous voice, and the look of interest deepening in her face. "You did not make me understand exactly what you meant."

"I can soon tell you," said Charley, who was

always rather imperious as well as exacting—the result of his early training; “it was the most ridiculous thing in the world, and no one but Harold would have thought of doing so. When poor papa, and mamma died,” here his tone softened a little, “and we two orphans were left; a nice estate came to Harold. Papa left no will, and Harold took everything, and could do what he liked.”

“Yes—yes,” said Alice, eagerly.

“Well, we came to England—and, would you believe it?—he called a meeting of papa’s creditors? There were a great many of them, and some must have been ruined, no doubt,” added Charley, without an atom of feeling, “and some had been ruined already; but they all came, like a swarm of locusts, to see what they could get.”

There was a bright light in Alice’s eyes, as though her whole soul was kindled into vivid interest.

“Well, Charley, and what happened?” said she.

“Oh, then Harold made a speech. I was there, because I was so angry. I would go, just to see what he would do. He made a speech, to say how grieved he was, that any one present should have suffered on account of us. And each person was to send in his claim to the lawyer, and he should be paid as far as the estate would go. Was it not a shame?”

Alice was wiping away a tear with the corner of her laced handkerchief.

“Of course that meant that we ourselves should be beggared. When all the debts were paid, there was not a farthing left. The whole estate was gone!”

“But you were out of debt, Charley,” said Alice, feelingly.

“Yes, we were. It was a great shame though. It made me so ill, I thought I should have died. It was so cruel of Harold. And then he had to go to that horrid mill, and work all among the looms. Is it not shocking, Miss Sylvester?”

“Not so shocking Charley as being in debt.”

“I never cared much about that,” said Charley, in a tone of unconcern. “I wanted us to be comfortable, and to keep the carriage. Only think how terrible it has been for me! I have had to lie here all day by myself, and with no one to speak to.”

“Don’t you think it is as bad for—for your brother?” said Alice, a faint flush rising to her cheek.

“Oh, Harold does not mind! He is out from morning till night; but as for me— Oh, Miss Sylvester, it is dreary work!” said Charley, with a sigh.

Alice glanced round the room. It was very bare, even of comforts. The last time she had seen Charley, it had been at an hotel, in a handsome apartment, and surrounded with luxuries.

“Poor Charley,” said she, pityingly, “we must see what we can do to cheer you up. Have you any books?”

“The landlady brings me a novel, now and then, from the circulating library; but I am getting tired of novels.”

“I don’t wonder at that, Charley. The utmost a novel can do is to amuse you for a little time. When

the excitement goes off, it leaves you just as it found you.”

“That it does! And I never was fond of reading.

Harold is the man for books.”

Again the slight flush upon her cheek. Then she said, “You must read the books I shall bring you, Charley. See, I have one here. This is the kind of reading for you.”

Charley grasped it eagerly.

“Why, this is a religious book!” cried he. “This would do for Harold.”

“No, Charley, I meant it for you. It is a book written for those persons upon whom God has been pleased to lay some affliction. It tells them how they may be able to bear it; and it tells them,” continued Alice, her voice growing more solemn and earnest, “of One who suffered far more than they ever could—you know who that is, Charley?”

“Yes,” said Charley, in a softened tone; “mamma used to talk in that way when she was ill.”

“Charley,” continued Alice, still earnestly, “don’t you think it would comfort you, and make you bear your trial better, if you thought more of Christ; if you loved him; and if, all the long hours you lay here alone, his presence was with you, making you happy?”

“I think it would,” faltered Charley, in the same subdued tone, his querulous spirit, for the moment, laid to rest.

Her visit had a happy influence upon him, though that influence did not last. When she was gone, he looked into his book, for a few minutes, and then lay musing on the sofa, his finger between the leaves.

“I wish Harold would come,” he at length said to the woman who brought up the tea; “he never thinks of me!”

“Indeed, Mr. Charley! and it’s my opinion as he don’t often think of anything else,” replied the woman, resenting the attack on her favourite.

“Why doesn’t he come then?” continued Charley, peevishly. “He knows I haven’t been out all day.”

“He couldn’t help that, Master Charley; and I am sure you haven’t hurt,” said the goodnatured landlady. “You’ve had the beautifullest lady as ever was, to keep you company all the afternoon!”

“I’d need have somebody,” grumbled Charley, a little mollified, in spite of himself, at the thought of the lovely face, that had brought such comfort with it. “And she was pretty!”

“Pretty! I wonder what he would have,” thought the landlady, as she went down for the kettle. “If Queen Victoria herself come to see him, I don’t suppose he’d be content!”

Ere the landlady could come back with the kettle, Harold had returned. He had heard some rumour or other, down-stairs, for he came up with a glow on his face, and his eyes sparkling.

“Well, Charley, so she has been at last!”

“I thought you would never come at all, Harold,” said Charley, fretfully. “It is nearly half-past six.”

“I was detained, dear, that was all. So Miss Sylvester has been,” repeated Harold, taking up a bunch of violets from the table.

"Yes, and brought me those violets. It is a good thing somebody *does* take a little notice of me."

Harold brought a vase from the cupboard, a relic of better days, and began to put the violets in water. He handled them with the utmost tenderness. When he had done, he glanced up at the chair in which Alice had sat. Everything connected with her was of interest to him. He would have liked to know what she said, how she looked, and a hundred other things; but it was no good to ask. Charley was cross, and wanted his tea. And when he had had his tea, he was still cross. He refused to speak of Alice, or, indeed, of anything but his own complaints; and when he had fairly grumbled himself out, he let Harold carry him off to bed.

By this time, Harold looked jaded and weary; but when the pallid face had settled itself on the pillow, and the curtains had been drawn, Harold came back to spend the rest of the evening by himself. Then he sat down at the table, and, for once, neither read nor wrote. The busy head and hand were idle. But, in truth, he was thinking of Alice. And on he thought, his eye bright, his cheek flushed, till the waning candle and the dying embers warned him to retire. And then he rose, and, bending over the bouquet of violets, kissed it tenderly.

## CHAPTER XXV

### MR. HEATHERLY TAKES POSSESSION.

The half-past six train ran into the Newbury station punctual to a minute. It was an express, and did not often vary. From out a first-class carriage there stepped a young man, slightly but compactly made, with light hair and beard, the latter carefully trimmed, and an air of semi-dandyism about him, from his glossy hat to his well-polished boots. He began instantly to call about him—

"Now then, porter, your attention, if you please! I have a whole cargo of luggage."

"What name, if you please, sir?"

"Francis Heatherly, Esquire, 12, Gower Street, Newbury."

"Yes, sir; you be the gentleman as come into Miss Graham's money," said the porter, looking at him with a little curiosity.

The disposition of Miss Graham's property, had been a nine days' wonder in Newbury.

Francis Heatherly was walking along the platform towards the van, to show the porter his luggage. The gaslight shone full on his face, and disclosed a pair of light blue eyes, and thin lips, that had rather a trick of compressing themselves together. He had a quick, firm tread, and his manner was that of a man who never mistrusts himself, let him be doubtful of anybody else.

His luggage was, as he said, a cargo. It took some time to get out all the numerous boxes and packages stowed into the van, and with the name of Heatherly upon them.

"You will want a couple of cabs, sir," said the porter.

"Of course I shall!"

He had a brisk, off-hand way of speaking. The porter, who looked upon him as a personage of importance, attended to him sedulously. In as short a space as could be, he and his luggage were rattling along to Gower Street. He had a memorandum-book in his hand, and every now and then he kept jotting down items. When the cab stopped, and he entered the old projecting house in Gower Street, he made one note more.

The housekeeper, in a black silk, and her best cap, came out to meet him. The light blue eye ran over her carelessly.

"I am sure, I am very glad to see you, sir," began the woman, curtsying and obsequious.

"Exactly. Just see to my luggage, will you, Mrs.— What is your name, pray?"

"Mrs. Harris, at your service, sir."

"Mrs. Harris, I want all these packages and boxes put into a spare room, on the ground-floor."

"In course, sir; there's the study just handy."

"Then see to it, will you?"

He did not go away. He stood on the stairs, watching the proceeding carefully. When the last box had been stowed away, he said, making another note in his book—

"Now show me to my room, if you please."

There was something in the man, with his cold blue eye, and imperative manner, which gave you the impression that, in whatever state or station Providence should place him, he meant to be master of it.

The landlady preceded him up the stairs, her lamp in her hand. He went up the antique staircase with its statues, and its vases, and the pictures on the landing, looking just as they did when Raymond had stepped briskly up that same staircase, to visit Josephine.

His bedroom had been prepared for him, and a fire was burning brightly. He took the lamp from the housekeeper's hand, and went in.

"When should you like dinner to be served, sir?"

"In ten minutes."

He had looked as spruce, and well got up, as need be, in spite of his seven hours' travel; but when, in precisely ten minutes (he was the soul of punctuality), he entered the old-fashioned dining-room, he was sprucer still. He had changed his travelling-dress for a new suit of superfine mourning. His hair was oiled and perfumed, and a ring sparkled on his finger.

"Quite a gentleman, one can see at a glance!" said the housekeeper, complacently.

She was very fond of his society. While he ate his dinner off the old family plate, that had come to him in virtue of Miss Graham's will, she contrived sundry little errands in and out of the room. She hovered about him with a strange kind of fascination. Yet he said very little to her. He was hungry, for one thing, and his dinner was nice; so that a glance, now and then, from the cold blue eye was the utmost vouchsafed to her.

(To be continued.)

## ALFRED'S BIRTHDAY.

**"H, Lilly!"** cried a bright handsome boy of eight, as he ran into the nursery one morning, "what do you think?"

The little girl thus spoken to opened her eyes in utter bewilderment, as much as to say that she didn't know what she was to think. Her brother, however, was too impatient to wait for an answer, so went on—

"Mamma has given me leave to invite Charley Greaves and Willie Marston to tea this evening, because it's my birthday," adding, after a little hesitation, a tiny blush making itself visible on his open countenance, "and she says I may ask Alice to come too, if I like—isn't she a good, kind mamma?"

But oh! how slowly the time seemed to pass. Would evening ever come? The longest day, however, has an end; and so, just as it began to grow dusk—it was winter time—Alfred's friends made their appearance.

"Ah!" he cried, "there's Willie, and there's Charley coming up the garden-walk, and there's—but where's Alice?"

These hurried words were uttered as he stood on a chair, looking through the parlour-window. The next instant he was at the door to receive and welcome his guests.

Alice's absence remained unexplained, until a servant called to say that Miss Alice was on a visit to a relative in the country, and was not expected home for more than three weeks. This was the first thorn in the day's pleasure; but although tears started into his eyes at the moment, he bore his disappointment bravely. When at last tea was over, he brought forth, from some secret corner, the birthday presents which the thoughtful kindness of mamma had procured for him. There was the gold (as he called it) watch and chain, the humming-top, the barking—or rather the squeaking—dog, the little bag quite full of marbles, and last, and best of all, the large and beautiful picture-book, containing the marvellous and exciting adventures of "Jack the Giant-killer."

And when all these beautiful things had been passed round some half-dozen times, nothing would do but that mamma should read the wonderful history of "Jack the Giant-killer."

"Wasn't he a brave boy?" exclaimed Alfred, when the tale was finished. "I *should* like to have been him!"

"My son," said his mother, closing the book, "though you cannot do what he did, you can be quite as great and noble."

"As great as Jack the Giant-killer, mamma?" he exclaimed, astonished at the very idea of such a thing.

"Yes, my darling," was the reply. "Greatness consists, not so much in killing giants, or in anything the world calls great, as in actions that are in themselves noble and good."

An unusually thoughtful expression spread itself

over the boy's countenance at these words, which he only partly understood, and for a few moments all were silent.

"But come," said his mother, fondly patting his cheek, "let you and your friends try if you can make a new game, and call it 'Jack the Giant-killer.'"

"Oh, capital!" they all cried in the same breath; "come along," highly delighted (and what boy is not?) with something new.

How the game was carried on need not be told; suffice it to say that the time for saying good-night came, and found them still, as Alfred expressed it, "in the very middle of the game."

As he stood at the garden-gate, gazing after his friends until the darkness hid them from his sight, he heard the deep sobs of some one close at hand, and looking over the low wall, he saw a little girl sitting on the cold, frost-covered ground, and crying bitterly.

"What are you crying for?" he asked, in a kindly tone, feeling very sorry for the poor creature. But as no answer came, he stepped outside the gate, and stooping down, took the little girl, who was evidently very young, by the hand, and again asked her why she was crying.

She looked up into his face confidently, and said, "I want to go home."

"Why don't you go, then?" was the innocent rejoinder.

"Don't know where to go," she said, mournfully.

"Come with me, and I'll ask mamma, then," said he, taking her hand again; and leading her into the house, he told his mother where he had found her.

Meanwhile the child, who had been brought from the dark and dismal street into the warm, comfortable-looking room, soon began to forget her troubles, and being attracted by the sight of Alfred's pretty presents, which were still upon the table, she seemed in no hurry to go home. Alfred's mother, however, having discovered where the poor child lived, gave orders to a servant to take her carefully home.

As she was leaving the room, Alfred, who had been attentively regarding her for some minutes, said, "Mamma, may I give her one of my presents?"

"You may, my dear," replied his mother.

When the child was made to understand that she was to take one of those "pretty things," and even, by Alfred's wish, to have her choice, her joy became unbounded. However, after carefully looking at each thing separately, she decided to have the "History of Jack the Giant-killer," which was accordingly handed to her by Alfred, who seemed more pleased at giving it away than he had been to have it.

A tear glistened in his mother's eye, as she repeated the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" then drawing her son to her arms, she said, "Now my son has made himself greater and more noble than Jack the Giant-killer."

R. G. W.